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MAIL BLOG

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CC



A tree inside an atrium lets go of a leaf every few minutes. Soon there won't be anything left to fill the background of a photograph that one has taken of oneself in front of a warm beverage and a pastry. The smiling person might never look at the photograph again, losing it like the tree loses its leaf.

I checked for bird droppings after I felt a small tap on the back of my head. There was nothing. Maybe a butterfly confused my head with a flower. I decided long ago that my life will be complete once a butterfly lands on me. I worry I have created a bad omen for myself, because the universe will take my wish literally, and when the butterfly chooses me, then complete will no longer mean whole, but finished.

An acorn rolled to my feet like a gift from the tree already shading me from the hot light that keeps us both alive.

"the human method of expression by sound of tongue is very elementary & ought to be substituted for some ingenious invention which should be able to give vent to at least six coherent sentences at once"

--Virginia Woolf, A Terrible

Tragedy in a Duck Pond



Topics discussed during
Eva's visit:

Smoke (1995)
Milton Avery
ledger drawings
Love Island UK
Ray Johnson
Eames case study house
Paul Klee's hand puppets
Jan Cremer
Vilhelm Hammershoi
Tal R
May Sarton
Jean Rhys
Paul Auster
Sophie Calle
photograph of David
Hockney and Joni Mitchell
Leane Shapton
Sara Berman's closet
Georgia O'Keeffe's rocks
Owen Wilson's skate video
X-Files
Grey's Anatomy
Laura Dern
Where the Smiling Ends by
Andi Olsen
Gyres by Ellie Ga
Bill Viola
plaster cast workshop in
Brussels catalog

A short story taking place
between New York Public
Library Picture Collection
folders by Eva

Dioramas & Panoramas
Pavements & Sidewalks
Walking
Shadows
Windows
Curtains & Draperies
Drapery on figures
Waiting
Listening
Gestures
Dressing & Undressing
Lies & Lying
Fighting, Hand to Hand
Broken Objects
Fatigue
Moonlight
Sunrise
Mourning
Stairs
Awnings & Canopies
Alleys
Tunnels
Artificial Flowers

"I live just past the tree"
-- C.C.

Eva selected a striped
button-up shirt hanging on
a stoop gate. After we toss-
ed a coin for dinner and the
air cooled as the sun set, she
said, "I will wear this shirt
and smell like someone else's
husband."

From the beginning of eternit,
to the end of time and space,
from the beginning of every
end and the end of every
place.

E